

SEMI-WEEKLY INTERIOR JOURNAL.

VOL. XVI.

STANFORD, KY., TUESDAY, APRIL 10, 1888.

NO. 17

COD IS LOVE AND NOTHING ELSE.

PRAISE THE LORD.

LETTER FROM GEORGE O. BARNES.

PENNSAOLA, FLA., APRIL 1, 1888.

DEAR INTERIOR:—Wonderful for fish, is this Pensacola. Pretty name that, by the way. Of Indian origin, it is, keeping alive the title of a tribe, long since blotted out. "The Pensacolas" are as extinct as the dodo; or as the ibson soon will be, unless our Uncle Samuel nukes up his mind to keep them from extermination in his great national preserve, the Yellowstone Park.

But the fish, I began with. There are monsters of from 100 to 200 pounds of what is known as the Warsaw variety—excellent for the table when served in steaks. Then, leading all others for general utility, the incomparable Red Snapper, from five to 50 pounds. Then the Spotted Tailfin, five to 15, a superb fish, like a Son-bass of the North. Then the Amber Jack, as near like a salmon as can be, and as game. Then the salt water Trout, from three to ten pounds; as toothsome almost as its speckled brother of fresh water. Sharp-heads are known by all gourmands. And Pompano and Spanish Mackerel, rarely delicate. Then the smaller kinds—Black Groupers and White Groupers, shaped like our Sun-perch, with others too numerous to mention, fill out the list. Mullet, the commonest of all and most eaten, I do not mention, though it would be esteemed a good fish, were there not a dozen varieties much better.

At one haul of the seine, at a picnic given by our good captain, the fishermen brought to land seven different kinds, deliciously edible, and two or three kinds that were thrown back as not worth putting in the pot.

To one not accustomed to the "abundance of the sea," the fish "takes" are really wonderful. We often go down to see the fishing snappers discharging their tiny treasures, to be packed in huge boxes in the warehouse and afterwards shipped by rail as needed. One hundred and fifty pounds, with appropriate icing, are sent off in a barrel. Two hundred pounds in a sugar bin. At present the beautiful Red Snapper are in greatest abundance. Fancy a gold fish of 10 or 15 pounds weight and you have the average Red Snapper of the Southern waters.

Capt. Patterson left home last Friday week, to be back the following Monday. The docks that caught Pat Jr., and made him a close prisoner at Montgomery for three days, also detained our friend. He gives us quite a thrilling account of his various attempts to break through the cordon of encircling waters. North, south, east and west, he went out on every prospecting engine. But all in vain. At last, he came in 12 hours later than Pat, who quietly waited till the first train went through, and by a very round about route. He, however, had the pleasure, his greatest in life, I believe, of helping poor women and children, to get something to eat, when almost starving on delayed trains, and by his cheery courage and ready help, got trains over bad places where they would otherwise have hopelessly stuck. He is so full of sailorly resource, that he must have been an unspeakable blessing wherever he went. And his various sallies in search of liberty brought him in contact with many cases of distress and need. We were cut off from our mail for four days, which was our little trial, among the greater ones suffered by others. It was an unexampled period of high water and will entail a fearful loss on some of the railroads. Things are resuming their regular flow once more and no more trouble is apprehended.

Yesterday we all took a sail at Pat's expense, across the bay and up the Santa Rosa sound for 14 miles. "Capt. Jack's" yacht-sloop, the "Phantom," took in twice seven of us. The day was charming; the wind fair; the lunch abundant; and consciousness light and good. I have rarely enjoyed a day more. We went three miles beyond the "Quarantine." Santa Rosa Sound is that lovely sheet of water, averaging a mile in width, that separates Santa Rosa Island from the mainland. S. R., as previously mentioned, is a little over 40 miles long, by about half a mile wide, and a mere succession of white sand hillocks. A few groves of stunted pines, at irregular intervals; innumerable patches of furze bushes (closely resembling English furze, but hornless); clumps of palmetto in the low swales between the sand hills; and, for the rest, white sand, resembling drifted snow, the whitest I ever saw. The glare would soon produce what is known as "snow blindness" in the Arctic regions. Only one of our party had green spectacles, and this dazzling glare was the only trial of the day.

The sloop came to anchor 50 yards from land and the little yawl transferred us to shore, by instalments. Then we struck across the island, bore half a mile wide, for the blue waters of the Gulf. It was hot work, wading through the palmettos, with a treacherous crust that

barely supported our weights; and then over the yielding sands. But we made it at last, and then, mounting the last row of hillocks—Oh! Oh! Who can describe the open sea, rolling in upon its shore with measured beat; waters like molten glass; restless as sin, and as attractive; voices from afar that change and grow upon you as you listen, trying to interpret; but ever mocking inquiry, as to "what the wild waves are saying." I do not know yet which I like best, the thunder beats of the angry surf, that shakes the ground you stand on, or the gentle "swish" of the softly-coming tide, that seems to lave no peril in it. Nor have I decided yet whether I like either; when I think of how it lullies and blusters, or deceitfully whispers by turns. It is so beautiful; so cruel. So glorious; so horrible. Blame me not for inconsistency. It is, in heaven, the same. There we have a "sea of glass" and there—one joy of it—"there shall be no more sea." They cannot have heaven, even, with it or without it. From which I infer, that, once the terrible, the dreadful winnowed from it, the beautiful, the glorious, as God once made it, not as the devil has unmade it, shall be the eternal "thing of beauty and a joy forever."

To look at this expanse of water, clear as crystal to the beach, because nothing but snowy sand to roll up upon, to feast the eyes on its neutral tints, wearied with the glare of the hot shore, then to lie down upon the dry, soft, white sand, where many storms have thrown up a drift of shells, and select at leisure those that please you most, from the dozens of delicate varieties; while you turn again and again from this to feast the eyes upon the incoming waves, dashing gently, not spitefully, almost to your feet, perhaps this is about as luxurious a bit of sensuous titillation as falls to the lot of sinful mortals.

Returning we had to "beat" out of the sound, a short tack to windward and a long stretch to leeward, in nautical parlance, till we weathered the point at the mouth; then fair wind and a grand run home. Had we picked the 365 days of the year, a more perfect one for a pleasant sail could hardly have been found. "Capt. Jack" and his buoyant craft, the "Phantom," "did us proud" that happy day. It was worth much to those of us who want to get strong and well again. I would not take \$1,000 in gold for what I have regained in these 25 days at Pensacola. I don't feel like the man that didn't dare to lift his hand-satched out of the car, lest his back should break again. Praise the LORD!

And I am really enthusiastic about this glorious climate, for invalids of all kinds. I can speak of it experimentally, for March and April. Others say it is grand all the year round. And I can well believe them. Capt. Patterson says he has not met a single case of malarial disease in the 17 years of his residence here. The yellow fever can only be imported. So it may go to New York. To originate here is impossible. There is nothing to start it. And now that quarantine arrangements are in force, there is as little danger of its getting in here as in New York or Philadelphia. It has been, in lax sanitary days, in both those cities. We saw two barques from the Mediterranean in quarantine yesterday. No sickness on board; only thirty ballast that they will not allow to be taken to the city. All has to be dumped at quarantine; vessels thoroughly fumigated and white-washed; and only then allowed to come to the city for their ballast. All this precaution, lest the possible germs of disease might impregnate the ship's ballast and be communicated on shore, when the summer's sun strikes it.

The wharves and all the bay front of the city are ballast-built. What a hotch-potch it is, to be sure. Granite from Norway; lava from Naples; soapstone from Finland; clay from Germany; and other earths and stones from other far-away places. One load of ballast came from Australia last week. Isn't it queer? Almost manny.

To-day I went down with Pat, perceiving to the Navy Yard. Pat Jr., went on to Hickens to see Germaine and his braves; his father and I to the National Cemetery to see if the grave of his brother-in-law, who died in '61 or '62, in the Confederate service, could be identified or traced. Once before he had made a successful search. This time we were rewarded. The obliging keeper of the cemetery had unearthed the records and the desired clue was furnished. It was pathetic, to stand over a square block of stone, labelled 1,124, and then to look over the hundreds of others, most of them marking unknown graves, as this had done, till to-day, and to think of the buried hopes and hearts lying under the dumb sod; 1,554 in all, to date, lie in the neat enclosure. About ten acres are surrounded by a substantial wall; and the place is thoroughly well kept. The stars and stripes are flying from a tall flag-staff in the centre. My friend was greatly relieved to make this discovery and will send an appropriate monument to mark the spot more fittingly than "1,129" can do. This kinsman by marriage, who lies in this cemetery, is a grandson of the great John J. Crittenden and his name—

sake—J. Crittenden Coleman. He died at Pensacola soon after the civil war began and up to this day his family have not known just where he was buried. A melancholy satisfaction, to find his grave; but still far, far better than not to know. Capt. Roche, in the paymaster's office here, showed us the kindest courtesy, walking out with us through the blazing sun and over the hot, sandy road to the cemetery; and in every way showing the heartiest sympathy with Mr. Joyce in his search. The keeper of the cemetery, a pensioner of government, who was disabled from active service by a wound received in frontier service, most obligingly did all he could; and to him we were largely indebted for the search in the old record books, that gave the needed clue. He takes great pride in keeping the place in exquisite order, and Uncle Sam gets the worth of his money in Mr. Shen, superintendent of the National Cemetery—Warrington.

Pat Jr. was delighted with his visit to the Indians, as I knew he would be.

These frequent jaunts on the bay are very health-giving and delightful. Tomorrow we want, if the weather permits, to go across to the life-saving station, Santa Rosa Island. Next day to Chero, Pat to spend one last day with our dear, noble captain. Saturday we go, God willing, to Mississippi City, 50 miles this side of New Orleans.

Ever in Jesus, — GEO. O. BARNES.

MT. VERNON, ROCKCASTLE COUNTY.

Mrs. Brown and Lovell successfully removed two large tumors from the throat of a little negro Saturday.

James McFerran threshed a negro who was attempting to take a walking cane from him at Livingston a few days since.

We learn from the Courier-Journal that R. M. Eldridge, who left here on Thursday for Missouri, was married to Miss Nancy M. Babble by Justice Keigwin in Jeffersonville. The newly married couple left immediately for the West.

John Ferguson, a young man aged about 22, disappeared from his home near this place last Thursday and no tidings have been received from him since. His mother and family are greatly distressed over his absence and silence.

We regret to learn that M. T. Craft has severed his connection with the Lebanon Enterprise to follow other pursuits. We understand he goes to Pineville to practice his profession, the law. He deserves the best, no matter where he goes.

A. R. McLean, of Livingston, was up Friday. Mrs. W. L. Owens is improving. Perry White has returned from a prospecting tour in Bell county. Engineer J. W. Flowers is out on the train this week. George Sutton left Friday for St. Jo, Mo. John Mize will start Friday for Mason City, same State. Mark Hardin, of your place, was with us Sunday.

George Mullins, an old colored man, who had quite a varied experience during the late war, having been taken south and sold no less than three times making his escape and returning to his old home, is yet living near town. It is related here by many reliable witnesses that George many years since, for the consideration of a quart of whisky, picked up a five black snake and bit off the serpent's head while it was yet busily licking out its tongue. He afterwards killed a number in like manner for the amusement of crowds who desired to see the performance. Fact.

The Stanford Extension Journal will remember the local item in its last issue concerning Henry Hall, the inventor of a ———. It that individual don't get rich in Lincoln county he will certainly dequison or die-a-trotting some wee patient on his knee. — [Richmond Register.]

A bullet fired from a rifle in the hands of a boy at Lynn, Mass., killed a sparrow, wounded a cat, went through the hat of a pedestrian, broke a valuable vase and shattered a \$50 mirror, and yet the boy called it a poor day for shooting. — [Detroit Free Press.]

At an election under the local option law in Prairie Township, Holmes county, O., a majority of nearly 300 was given in favor of prohibition out of a total vote of 326.

Being More Pleasant

To the taste, more acceptable to the stomach, and more truly beneficial in its action, the famous California liquid fruit remedy, Syrup of Figs, is rapidly superseding all others. Try it. One bottle will prove its merits.

For sale by A. R. Penny, Stanford.

Syrup of Figs

Is Nature's own true laxative. It is the most easily taken, and the most effective remedy known to cleanse the System when Bilious or Costive; to dispel Head-aches, Colds, and Fevers; to Cure Habitual Constipation, Indigestion, Piles, etc. Manufactured only by the California Fig Syrup Company, San Francisco, Cal. For sale by A. R. Penny, Stanford.

LONDON, LAUREL COUNTY.

John Stables was tried before Judge Boring, adjudged insane and taken to the Asylum at Anchorage last week.

Four prisoners escaped from our jail last week, two moonshiners Monday and two murderers Saturday. Yet the jail is in good condition.

Deputy United States Marshals Rogers and Maggard arrived here Sunday evening with six moonshine prisoners and a lot of witnesses from Breathitt county.

J. A. Craft was in Louisville and R. M. Jackson in Barboursville last week. Mr. Osborne, agent at Altamont, was here Sunday. M. T. Craft, of Lebanon, is visiting his mother. Mr. and Mrs. T. S. Hubert left Sunday on a visit to her parents in Breathitt county.

Sunday evening, at 7 o'clock, while Gran Johnson, deputy jailer, was having a colored prisoner, Jake Dees, carry out the shop buckets, Dees threw the buckets down and made a dash for liberty. Johnson gave him a lively chase, firing three shots and capturing him about a mile from town. Johnson on leaving the jail left the door open and Sam Barnard, awaiting a new hearing and under a ten years' sentence, and Wm. Crawford, held for murder, without bail, made their escape, going in the direction of Williamsburg. Barnard is 6 feet 2 inches high, about 32 years old, smooth face, dark complexion and eyes. Crawford is over 6 feet tall, full face, small mustache, blue eyes and light complexion. Both poorly clad. Several years ago Barnard assaulted a young woman, and tearing arrest, blew out her brains with a revolver. By some hook or crook he failed to do the rape act and went free until last summer, when he killed his brother-in-law and was tried and sentenced for ten years, and was still in jail waiting for the courts to give him a new trial. Poor old Jake Dees only threw a rock at a train and has never been so fortunate as to kill his man, made a bold attempt to get away, but Gran could not afford to do without him.

The Chesapeake & Ohio reorganization, or something else, has run its common stock down to 13 cents.

Jacob Sharp, the New York millionaire, whose name became notorious through his bribing New York aldermen to grant him a railroad franchise on Broadway, is dead at last. There have been rumors of his probable demise during and ever since his trial, it was thought for effect, but it seems that the old man was deeply in earnest.

Fontain Lamet and his cousin Sally were brought before the Madison Circuit Court, charged with unlawful cohabitation. The proof was dead against them, but they got clear of the penalty in such cases made and provided by incurring a worse penalty—taking each other for better or worse. A handy Squire tied the knot right then and there.

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Bucklen's Arnica Salve.

The best salve in the world for cuts, bruises, sores, ulcers, salt rheum, fever sores, tetter, chapped hands, chilblains, corns and all skin eruptions, and positively cures piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. For sale by A. R. Penny, Stanford, Ky.

Worth Knowing.

Mr. W. H. Morgan, merchant, Lake City, Fla., was taken with a severe cold, attended with a distressing cough and running into consumption in its first stages. He tried many so called popular cough remedies and steadily grew worse. Was reduced in flesh, had difficulty in breathing and was unable to sleep. Finally tried Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption and found immediate relief, and after using about a half dozen bottles found himself well and has had no return of the disease. No other remedy can show so grand a record of cures as Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption. Guaranteed to do just what is claimed for it—Trial bottle free at A. R. Penny's Drug Store.

Renews Her Youth.

Mrs. Phoebe Chesley, Peterson, Clay Co., Iowa tells the following remarkable story, the truth of which is vouched for by the residents of the town: "I am 73 years old, have been troubled with kidney complaint and lameness for many years; could not dress myself without help. Now I am free from pain and soreness and am able to do all my own housework. I owe my thanks to Electric Bitters for having renewed my youth and removed completely all disease and pain. Try a bottle, 50c. and 50c. at A. R. Penny's Drug Store.

SALT.

Seven-bushel barrels at \$3.75 at Isaac Hamilton's, Rowland.

THOMAS D. NEWLAND

Is a Candidate for re-election to the office of Sheriff, subject to the action of the democracy.

JUDGE W. S. PRYOR,

Is a Candidate for re-election as Judge of the Court of Appeals from this, the 12th District, subject to the action of the Democracy.

A CARD. Parties who wish legitimate, desirable, work done will address Hawkeye, Stanford, Ky.

FOR SALE. My house and lot of 1 1/2 Acres, at the corner of 1st and 2nd streets, from Stanford. Good barn, large garden, good house and all the out-buildings, fruit trees, etc. Adjoining Henry and Smith's. I want \$500 for it, which is very cheap. Alex. Martin, Stanford.

FOR SALE.

House and 25 Acres Land. Two miles South of Stanford on Neal's Creek. Address me at Carlisle, Ky. W. CRAIG.

S. C. DAVIS, PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, MT. VERNON, KY.

Office next door to Whitehead's Drug Store. Special attention given to diseases of children.

To Farmers of Lincoln and Casey.

I have bought the "Pride of Nelson" Stiles' patent. We can save you 30 per cent. on square rail fence—will make your old post-and-rail fence stand as long after it falls down as it has stood, and stronger than it ever was for five cents per panel. A. B. McKINNEY, Casey, Hicksville, Ky.

W. F. McKINNEY, Agent, Stanford.

P. READ, S. H. HUCKER, SEC. A. C. SINE, SUPT.

STANFORD

PLANING MILL COMPANY

Manufacturers of

Flooring, Weatherboarding, Ceiling, Finishing Lumber, Moldings, Sash, Etc. Sash, Doors and Blinds always in stock.

MILLINERY!

We have received and are daily receiving our elegant line of Spring Millinery. We have left nothing undone to make our stock first-class throughout. Besides our Millinery, we will have a well selected line of Embroidery Material. Call and examine our stock. Store on Lancaster at COURTS & CH.

SADDLERY!

J. T. HARRIS has opened on Lancaster street, next door to the Interior Journal office, a first-class stock of saddlery goods, which he will sell privately during the week and on every Saturday and Sunday will hold auctions, when he will dispose of all kinds of harness and saddlery goods.

Goods Warranted and a Perfect fit Guaranteed. Give him a Trial.

Is Receiving His

SPRING AND SUMMER GOODS.

Is Receiving His

SPRING AND SUMMER GOODS.

FOR RENT.

Home and lot on Drayville pike, near toll gate, lately vacated by W. M. Zimner. Four acres of land in lot and garden. Apply to A. H. RHOY, Stanford, Ky.

LUMBER YARD!

I have purchased the lumber yards of Messrs. George B. Wearon and U. M. Bruce and will open a big yard at the one purchased of Mr. Wearon. Besides lumber in rough and dressed, I will carry a large line of window sashes, doors and shingles, laths, posts and the picket fence formerly sold by Mr. Wearon. 13-157 S. H. HUCKER.

DR. W. F. PENNY. FRANK V. HERBERT, D. D. S.

Penny & Herbert,

DENTISTS,

Office on Lancaster st., opposite the court-house. All work guaranteed to give entire satisfaction.

THE BOTTOM KNOCKED OUT.

The greatest reduction in prices ever known at WALTER FIELDS' first-class shoeing and repair shop. Thanking my friends for their past favors I solicit the same in the future. All kinds of work done in the best of style and warranted to give satisfaction or no pay. Anything in iron or wood that you want give me a trial and be convinced. WALTER FIELDS, Turnersville.

1871. 1888.

Lebanon Planing Mill,

Doors, Sash, Blinds, Frames, Casing, Base Molding, Mantels, Brackets, Cornices, Stairs, Newels, Balusters, Verandas, Store Fronts, Shelving, Counters, Flooring, Siding, Shingles, Laths, Rough and Dressed Lumber. Send for prices before buying elsewhere.

A. OFFUTT, Proprietor, - - - LEBANON, KY.

Good turnouts and saddle horses always for hire on reasonable terms. London is the most convenient point on the railroad to reach places in the in the mountain section of the State.

Livery, Feed and Sale Stable.

W. H. JACKSON & CO., PRO'RS. LONDON, KY.

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A. Sia Blatt's

APOLLO

SHIRT,

The Best in the

WORLD.

SEND FOR CIRCULAR,

4th and Main,

LOUISVILLE, - KY.

NEWCOMB HOTEL.

MT. VERNON, KY.

This old and well-known Hotel is still maintaining its fine reputation. Charges reasonable. Special attention to the traveling public.

M. P. NEWCOMB, Prop., Mt. Vernon, Ky.

JACKSON HOUSE.

LONDON, KENTUCKY.

CAPT. FRANK B. RILEY, PROPRIETOR.

Thoroughly Renovated and Refurnished. First-class Fare and Reasonable Prices. Day and night Trains are met by Police Porters of this Popular House.

207-H.

R. S. MARTIN. BRODHEAD, KY., MAY, 1887.

MARTIN & PERKINS,

The new firm hopes not only to sustain the reputation of the old, but intends to make many improvements in the manufacture of tobacco which will be to the interest of our customers. We will devote special attention to our Natural Leaf brands of Kentucky's best leaf. Thanking you for past favors and asking for a continuation of your trade, we remain Respectfully yours, MARTIN & PERKINS.

ARBUCKLES'

name on a package of COFFEE is a guarantee of excellence.

ARIOSIA

COFFEE is kept in all first-class stores from the Atlantic to the Pacific.

COFFEE

is never good when exposed to the air. Always buy this brand in hermetically sealed ONE POUND PACKAGES.

W. P. WALTON.

FINDING that the legislature is determined to stay in Frankfort till the last poor dollar is filched from the treasury, Gov. Buckner has sent another message to the body emphasizing his former recommendations and suggesting that a commission be empowered to make a thorough overhauling of the books and accounts of State officials. Instead of adopting the latter suggestion, which was made with the honest desire of doing the proper thing, the House by a vote of 20 to 44 refused to do so. The Louisville Times singles out one ass, which it said climbed a pole and made an exhibition of himself, but if any of the 44 is greater ass than the other, the Times alone is smart enough to distinguish it.

THE House Committee has completed its consideration of the postal appropriation bill, which aggregates \$90,133,000 or nearly \$6,000,000 more than last year. By unanimous consent a new provision of law authorizing allowance for third-class offices for rent, light and fuel and placing them on a footing with first and second-class offices in this regard, was incorporated in the bill and \$50,000 appropriated for it. If it becomes a law, as there is all probability that it will, it will carry joy to the heart of our own Capt. Richards, as well as all other postmasters of his grade, who have to rent and furnish their offices with all the modern improvements for the government to draw pay from.

It was with much surprise and deep regret that we read in the last issue of the Lebanon Enterprise, the valedictory of our good friend, Morgan T. Craft. He goes to Pineville to practice law and while we rejoice with him on his splendid prospects, we are exceedingly loth to part with him in a profession which he so handsomely adorns. The wish may be father to the thought, but we yet expect to see him filling a position in it with the credit that has always characterized him. Mr. J. R. Abell takes his place on the Enterprise, which we hope he will be able to fill.

The president, while horseback riding with Secretary Fairchild Friday, jumped down and at the risk of his own life, grabbed the bridle of a horse which was running away with Mrs. Marie Wright, a newspaper correspondent, and saved her from probable death. Grover is as gallant a knight as ever drew a sword or saved a female weak, but he won't gain any votes in this section by his Friday's exploit. Mrs. Marie was here not long ago, and talked about 25 persons into taking the Sunny South, each one of whom will seriously regret that her horse was not permitted to finish the job so well begun.

Hos. J. H. TINSLEY, of Barbourville, is announced as a candidate for Judge of the new Common Pleas Court District, composed of Laurel, Whitley, Knox, Bell, Harlan, Perry and Leslie. Judge Tinsley is one of the best all around men we know of, a fine lawyer and a splendid gentleman, and his party should give him the nomination without contest. Of course no democrat could be elected in such a district, and since he could not, the section is to be congratulated that so capable a gentleman of the opposing party aspires to the office.

Judge JACKSON, of the U. S. Circuit Court, to whom an appeal was taken by the West Virginia authorities from the decision of Judge Barr, in the Hatfield habeas corpus cases, affirmed that decision in Louisville Friday and a further appeal was taken to the Supreme Court. Gov. Wilson is determined to make all the capital he can out of the business, but the end will see the Hatfields still with us, or until they have felt the halberd for their murderous crimes.

It begins to look like the engineers' strike on the Burlington has signally failed. A dispatch says the road is running all its trains without the least trouble and is doing a large freight business. About 50 of the old engineers and firemen have returned to work and it is believed that many more will return. Strikes don't seem to pay anybody.

Judge GRESHAM's presidential aspirations have received a very black eye by his own home, New Albany, going against him, and his boom may be said to have collapsed. He is too decent a man for the Indiana republicans, who seem to prefer the bloody shirt seceder, Harrison, whom Turpie downed for the Senate last year.

J. SULLIVAN is suggested in many quarters as the best man to succeed T. J. Brimston as Commonwealth's Attorney in the Lexington district. If the voters there are of the same opinion as to his fitness and ability that his friends on the outside are, the Times' Falcon will soon to easy victory.

What is the use of discussing whether the printers' boycott is raised or not, when the Courier-Journal can come out in a 64-column number as it did Sunday, just teeming with advertisements? The greatest paper in the country is going to thrive, no matter who sets its types.

LEGISLATIVE DOINGS.

—The bill providing that a reading of newspaper accounts shall not disqualify jurors in criminal cases has become a law.

—A bill to charter the Danville and Lancaster Railway Company has been presented. It is intended to connect the Louisville Southern and the K. C.

—Mr. Rigney called up House bill No. 1481, relating to public records in Lincoln county. Reported with amendment, adopted and bill passed.—[Frankfort Capital.]

—Lawyer Davison offered a bill Saturday to repeal an act, entitled "An act to amend an act, entitled 'An act to incorporate the Hustonville and Coffey's Mill Turnpike Road Co.'"

—The legislature has been in Frankfort 100 days at a cost of a good \$1,000 a day and they are likely to stay there as long as the money holds out to pay its members \$5 a day.

—Mr. Hanks, of Anderson, is wasting time offering a bill to fix the punishment for larceny in the sum of \$25 or less, at a fine of not exceeding \$100 or not exceeding 20 lashes on the bare back. A majority of the legislators will be against it for fear of putting their own backs in jeopardy.

NEWS CONDENSED.

—The Long Brothers, chair manufacturers, Louisville, have failed for \$50,000.

—In less than an hour Saturday the Senate passed 527 private pension bills.

—Benjamin Rhodes, a farmer living near Vine Grove, was found murdered in his bed.

—At Campbellsville Charles Ramsey shot and killed Bodeford Jeter, Jr., in a quarrel.

—The democratic State convention of New York will be held in New York City on May 15.

—William Koller, a brakeman, was run over and killed in the South Louisville yards of the L. & N.

—Capt. Thomas C. Jones, Consul to Funchal, will arrive at New York this week on a visit home.

—George Hughes was run over by a freight train at Greenwood while in a drunken sleep and killed.

—The first train from Harrodsburg to Lawrenceburg over the Louisville Southern, was run on Thursday.

—The year's receipts at the Danville postoffice were \$5,505.86, slightly in excess of any previous year.—[Advocate.]

—It is stated that John Muir, general manager of the Chesapeake and Ohio road, will retire from that position May 1st.

—Jessamine county will vote on the 14th upon the proposition to subscribe \$150,000 to the capital stock of the Louisville Southern.

—The Canadian Parliament by a vote of 124 to 67 defeated the resolution favoring unrestricted reciprocity between the United States and Canada.

—A mortgage was filed at Harrisburg, Pa., by the Philadelphia and Reading Railroad Company and the Reading Coal and Iron Company for \$100,000,000.

—A train on the Milwaukee and St. Paul road plunged through a bridge into a creek near New Hampton, Ia., and a dozen or more persons lost their lives by drowning and otherwise.

—Prophet Frazer was hanged in Waterboro, S. C., for the murder of his wife, whose body he burned after committing the deed. He is now singing Psalms with the angels in heaven, if his last words are to be believed.

—The one hundredth anniversary of the first settlement of Ohio and the Great West was celebrated at Marietta in magnificent form. John W. Daniels and other distinguished orators furnished the choir music.

—At Lexington a negro, Tom Walsh, an ex-convict, cut the throat Leroy Smith, white, whom he accused of being the cause of his going to the penitentiary, and escaped. He was afterwards captured in Frankfort.

—Prof. Hogan dropped from a balloon at the height of 10,000 feet in a parachute at Jackson, Mich., and reached the earth safely in 4½ minutes. The parachute refused to open at first, and for 300 feet he descended like a rock.

—Explorers who have prospected Lower California carefully, state that gold can be found in large quantities from near the boundary line down to San Quentin. Silver, iron and ore are also reported to be in abundance.

—Albert Dodge, of Fergus Falls, Minn., became crazed by religion and told his wife they ought to go to heaven at once. When he attempted to shoot her, she grasped his wrist and turned the revolver, the bullet entering his own brain.

—Chaska, the Indian who recently wedded Miss Follows, the school teacher, has received a telegram offering him and his bride \$5,000 for a 10 weeks' engagement with a dime museum. Mrs. Chaska indignantly rejected the offer.

—J. H. Howe, of Fort Collins, Col., knocked his wife down, stamped her in the breast with his heavy boots and then cut her throat from ear to ear. The woman staggered to the street, gasped a few times and expired. In less than an hour the cowardly brute was swinging from a limb, to which a mob of 200 had hoisted him.

—Congress is wrestling with the republican scheme to take from the public treasury between \$17,000,000 and \$18,000,000, and will establish a precedent which will probably result in taking between \$70,000,000 and \$80,000,000 more. It is under the guise of refunding the di-

rect taxes levied and collected during the war.

MATRIMONIAL MATTERS.

—Those contemplating matrimony and who have not as much as \$2 to invest in the license to do so, will be glad to learn that a bill has been presented in the House to reduce the fee to 50 cents.

—Miss Olive Green and Ivory White were wedded in an Iowa town recently, Rev. Ma. Black performing the ceremony. Dollars to cents that the result will be a little yellor.—[Louisville Times.]

—James R. Barnum, the handsome ex-representative of Madison, surprised his friends by taking to himself a wife in the person of Miss Lula Gay, of Clark. No one at his home was aware of his intentions.

DEATH'S DOINGS.

—Mrs. Nellie C. Hill asks us to announce the death of Mr. Dow Moore, eldest son of the late Dick Moore, which occurred recently near Grenola Kansas, of erysipelas, after an illness of 12 days. He leaves a wife and four small children. Many boyhood friends will regret to hear of his early death.

—Mr. Clayton Anderson, a brother of Col. Hall Anderson, died at the latter's home Thursday night of pneumonia, aged about 50 years. He had been living in the South and was on a visit when he was taken ill. The remains were conveyed to Lancaster Friday and buried in the cemetery there.

—The family received a dispatch from Abilene, Texas, Sunday, stating that J. Collins Gentry had been attacked by hemorrhage that morning and died very suddenly. As his health had recently been much better than usual, the news was a great shock and his aged mother and brothers and sister, who have of late been "passing under the roof" of affliction by the death of numerous relatives and friends. Mr. Gentry was a warm hearted, generous and true gentleman, who had scores of friends here, who will sorrow at his untimely demise and sympathize deeply with those more nearly afflicted. His wife, who was Miss Belle Shumate, of Garrard, with several children, survives him and suffer the loss of a loving husband and father.

LANCASTER, GARRARD COUNTY.

Charles Price has accepted a position with Geo. B. Burdett & Co.

—Elder H. H. Shouder, of Parksville, preached at Fairview Sunday.

—An infant of Dave Collier, a section boss on the K. C., who lives at Gilbert's Creek, died Sunday morning.

—Mr. and Mrs. A. G. Scott, Miss Emma Cox and E. D. Bishop made a fishing party to King's Mill Friday. They returned Sunday, having had a pleasant time and caught plenty of fish.

—H. T. Kaufman showed me a brief which had been copied for him by Miss Ella Watson, on a type writer, which is not only handsome but is without a mistake or error of any kind. It is a beautiful piece of work.

—The war dogs are howling and the proud bird of liberty is screaming in Lancaster. The dry goods men are spending themselves. A dollar will buy more in that line here now than two will elsewhere. It is war to the death and no mercy shown.

—W. S. Miller, Joel Walker, J. H. Woodcock, Dick Barnside and Scott Buchanan, Esq., have gone to Barbourville on a fishing spree. No wonder times are hard in the country. There too many men idle. What we need is a law compelling men to work more and play less.

—Misses Mary and Mattie Wilmore, of Nicholasville, are visiting Mrs. John E. Storms. E. C. Hopper, of Covington, is up to see his mother this week. Col. J. K. Faulkner spent Sunday in Lancaster. W. G. Dunlap was up from Frankfort on Sunday. He says it looks like the legislature will go on forever. Capt. T. S. Elkin was in town yesterday.

I picked up the following expense account, dropped by a Lancastrian. Expenses for one day's fishing in Dix river: Horse and buggy \$2.50; toll 20¢; cheese and crabs 25¢; box sardines 20¢; bottle pickles 15¢; 2 pounds bacon 25¢; 2 loaves bread 10¢; cigars 50¢; snake medicine \$1; minnows 50¢; damage to clothes \$2.50; lost hat \$3; day's work \$2; total \$12.15. Credit by his fisherman's luck.

being more in accordance with the fast spirit of the age than with the principles of general utility. Speed is the sine qua non and one might as well attempt to paint and analyze the meteor's flash as to form an opinion of the joints of the flying quadrupeds that flitted for a moment on the vision and were gone.

—What are you going to do about that Scottish order for back numbers? Verily it is no small compliment that the little masquing extravaganza should be memorandized in and ordered from the land of Bruce and Wallace, Scott and Burns, the Stuarts and the Douglasses, and all the mighty host who contributed to Scotland's undying glory. Would it not be well to equip the B. M. with a generous file of the paper and ship him at once to the "Land O' Cakes" to present its claims on a broader theatre than Palaski? It is a "Miss" who addresses him; there might be money in it. We would all be proud to see Ed return with a wife—a branch plucked from the stately genealogic tree of some ancient aristocracy.

—My well-known modesty prevented an earlier acknowledgment of the kindly complimentary notice accorded me in the last issue of the sprightly little College paper, The Comet. Nor would I even now be able to advert to it were it not that certain envious parties have insinuated that the article is a covert sarcasm. I know the young lady (she is very young) who wrote it, and can testify that she is too guileless to be insincere, too honest to misrepresent, too kindly to give pain. I am not indifferent to praise, but am peculiarly proud of it when it wells up pure and sparkling from the gushing affections of young hearts unblackened in life's distorted ways, uncontaminated by earth's poisoned infiltrations.

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DANVILLE, BOYLE COUNTY.

Mr. J. D. Moyle returned last week from Kansas City, where he has been for six months.

—Win. Perkins, a colored boy, was tried and convicted in the police court Thursday for selling whisky.

—Jim Gaines, who was to have been tried this Monday morning for selling whisky, is reported among the missing.

—Among the large number of excellent portraits of people in this vicinity painted by Major Clark, of Lexington, no better specimen of art can be named than the portrait of Nancy C., the little daughter of Dr. and Mrs. J. T. Bogie, who died some months ago. It is an excellent likeness and of priceless value to the parents.

—Mr. G. T. Helms, of Junction City, who has heretofore done some splendid detective work, this morning arrested Wm. Rowsey, a youth of 15 years, for driving spikes between the sides of rails on the Cincinnati Southern railway in such a way as would certainly have thrown the first train that passed from the track. Rowsey is in jail.

—Ernest McGrath, daughter of Fanny Graves, who was shot by a 14-year-old colored boy named Riley, last Thursday, seems to suffer no particular inconvenience from the bullet which entered her head just over the left eye. She says she had been firing his pistol all evening and that when she told him to behave himself he pointed the pistol at her and shot her. The boy, who is the son of a Presbyterian preacher, claims that the shooting was accidental.

Special Announcement.

Having consolidated our business of DRUGS and GROCERIES, we are now prepared to furnish the West End with the purest Drugs to be obtained, also Paints, Oils, Varnishes, Stationary, Tobacco, Cigars and a full line of Family Groceries and Supplies always on hand. Produce of all kinds is as good as cash.

Prescriptions filled at all hours by a competent pharmacist.

WEATHERFORD & COOK, Hustonville, Ky.

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The following list of goods, suitable for this time of year, and buy them of me and get the best:

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California Peaches,
" Pears,
" Apricots,

Raspberries,
Grated Pineapple,
Sliced Pineapple,
Early June Peas,
Lima Beans,
Pie Peaches,
Corn,
Tomatoes,
Oysters,
Salmon,
Sardines,
Chipped Beef,
Corned Beef,
Deviled Ham.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Cal. Evap. Peaches,
" " Apricots,
Dried Peaches,
Turkish Prunes,
Cooking Figs,
Mince Meat,
Apple Butter,
Preserves,
Mackerel in Buckets,
Cod Fish,
White Fish,
Hominy,
Dried Beans,
Bulb Pickles,
Bottle Pickles,
Catsup,
Prepared Mustard, &c., &c.

MY STOCK OF STAPLE GROCERIES ALWAYS FULL.

NEW YORK SEED IRISH POTATOES.

Comprising Early Rose, Beauty of Hebron, Peerless and Barbank.

WHITE & YELLOW ONION SETS.

BULK AND PAPER GARDEN SEEDS.

Highest Market Price Paid For

HAMS, SIDES, SHOULDERS AND JOWLS.

KINGSFORD'S OSWEGO STARCH,

In 3-Pound Paper Boxes,

IS THE BEST IN THE WORLD. JUST TRY IT.

Prices Always Reasonable And Goods Satisfactory.

MARK HARDIN, Clerk. T. R. WALTON.

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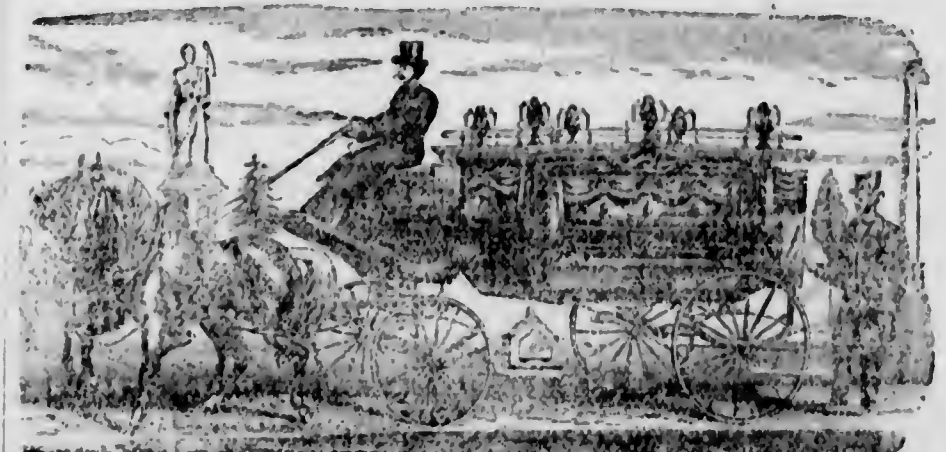
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A FULL ASSORTMENT

WATCHES, CLOCKS, JEWELRY, AND SILVERWARE.

Having secured the services of C. F. KENT, a practical Watchmaker with many years' experience, all work done with neatness and dispatch, fully insured. Spectacles and Eye Glasses to suit the eye.

COFFINS, CASKETS, ROBES.



WALL PAPER and FURNITURE.

COMPLETE STOCK ALWAYS ON HAND.

B. K. WEAREN.

